

Forgotten

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Summary: Robin wakes up after his sacrifice only to find that he has been forgotten. Will he be able to set things straight, or will he forever be but a forgotten memory.

1. Forgotten

"Ugh," Robin moaned as he started to regain consciousness. He had a splitting headache and was having trouble remembering why he was in such sorry shape. Then it hit him, Grima. No wonder he felt so miserable. Being ripped apart only to be put back together at the last moment was painful to say the least. Still, he supposed he owed Naga some thanks for that.

He finally forced his eyes open only to quickly close them again as the light proved uncomfortable to his unadjusted eyes. He tried once again, slowly this time, and managed to take in his surroundings. He let out a small chuckle and shook his head lightly as he realized that it looked like he had ended up where Chrom had found him all those years ago, or at least somewhere that looked a lot like it.

He picked himself off of the ground a bit shakily at first, but he soon was readjusted. He supposed that he should go tell the others he was alive and salvage what was left of his personal life. He was curious as to how much time had passed while he was being put back together. He wondered what the others had been up to since he had vanished. Hopefully Chrom had not collapsed the kingdom while he was gone. A great politician he was not.

Eventually the thoughts that Robin had been avoiding entered his mind, however. Namely, a certain time traveling princess. They had started courting each other, although secretly, but their relationship had become rocky after she had pulled her blade on him. He did not hold it against her; she had been through a lot, and she would not even go through with her threat. Nevertheless, she still seemed to avoid him. It was entirely possible that she had

disappeared without much, if any, of a trace.

Shoving those thoughts to the side for the time being, Robin finally saw the familiar view of Southtown on the horizon and decided to stop by. Outside of simple repairs, not much had changed as far as he could tell. Children ran and played in the streets while the adults went about their jobs. It was pleasantly simple after everything that he had been through. Still, he did not need to linger for too long; he was due home.

So without any money on him to buy a room for the night, he decided to go ahead and start towards Ylisstol. He had to camp on the way, but he did not mind too much. As a matter of fact, it kind of reminded him of when they were making a similar trek all those years ago. Though this time was noticeably bear free.

He arose early the next morning to continue his journey. If he made good time he would be able to get there around noon. He was eager to see his friends again even if he was worried about what he might find when he did. He sighed to himself. He had made his bed, so he had to sleep in it he supposed.

Ylisstol was as bustling as ever. The streets were lined with merchants and people going to and fro; it was a far cry from the easy pace of Southtown. Regardless, the familiar sight made the tactician smile. He was almost home.

The castle looked the same, though he supposed that was to be expected. The walls still stood tall as a testament to the country's resilience in the face of turmoil. A truly grand sight, especially to him as it reminded him that his sacrifice had not been in vain.

However, the castle seemed a little more active than usual. Had the others just gotten back from the battle with Grima? Could it really have been such a sort time since then? Robin started to get hopeful despite himself. Maybe he could get a happy ending after all. His happy thoughts were cut short by the castle guard, however.

"Halt!" they crossed their spears in front of the entrance, "State your business."

"Huh, it's me, Robin," they did not seem to recognize him for some reason, "You know, Shepherd, good friend to the exalt, army grandmaster. Any of this ringing a bell?" He was confused. Surely Chrom would have informed the guards to let him in.

"Hah, our army does not have a grandmaster. We haven't had one ever since Exalt Emmeryn came to power."

"What?" that was not right. He distinctly remembered being promoted. Chrom and the others had insisted on making a big deal out of it. They threw him a party and everything. How could they say that they had no grandmaster?

"Yeah, what do you think all of these people are here for," the other guard answered, "We're having a tournament to pick a new grandmaster. About time if you ask me. I mean, who goes through two wars without a chief tactician?"

"I'm telling you," Robin was starting to lose his patience with the guards, "I am the chief tactician!"

"Sure you are buddy, and I'm the exalt," the first guard mocked the man until another voice made them shoot up and stand at attention.

"Is there a problem here?" a familiar great knight approached them causing Robin to breathe a sigh of relief.

"Frederick!" Robin answered before the guards could, "It's good to see a familiar face. Could you please tell these men who I am?"

Frederick directed his gaze at the cloaked man before him for a moment before responding, "I'm sorry, but I do not seem to recognize you." Robin's face fell at the knight's response. He did not remember him? How was that possible? Surely he had not been gone that long.

"He claims to be the grandmaster of the army," One of the guards told the knight.

"Is that so?" the knight raised his brow, "Am I to take that as your desiring to enter the tournament?" Robin did not answer. He was too busy trying to wrap his head around what was happening. Why did he not remember him? Why did everyone insist that there was no grandmaster when he distinctly remembered being the grandmaster? "Sir?" Frederick finally succeeded in gaining the man's attention.

"Huh?"

"I asked if you sought to join the tournament to determine the grandmaster?"

Did he? He was precariously low on options. He was not sure what was going on, but he knew that he needed to get to the bottom of it. Whatever that tournament entailed, it had to be better than wandering aimlessly. Maybe if he got his old position back he could use it to help him figure out what was going on and fix it. In any case, it seemed to be his best option considering that he was currently broke.

"Sure, I'll join."

****A/N:** And so it begins. This chapter may be a little rough as I had a bit of trouble figuring out how to get the story started, but hopefully the others will pick up. Yes, Lucina will show up, but not for a while. Updates may slow down soon as I should be starting my new job. Fortunately, college is winding down for this semester soon as well.******

2. Tourney of Tactics

Robin was walking around the castle grounds. To enter the competition he had to pass a test. Said test was almost laughably easy for him, but he supposed it might weed out those who lacked the basic knowledge of a tactician. Still, he had completed the test in just a

few minutes and easily passed with a perfect score. He was granted a small guest room along with most of the other contestants.

He was limited on where he could go as a guest and he was exhausted both physically and mentally, so he elected to stay in his room and contemplate what was happening. From what he was able to gather, no one could remember anything about him. According to everyone he asked the Shepherds had achieved victory in the absence of his tactics and strategies. It seemed that, aside from his absence though, events had proceeded more or less the same as he remembered them.

The whole situation made no sense. How could he have seemingly been wiped from existence? He clearly remembered things about his time with the Shepherds, so why could they not remember? There was not much he could do about it in his current situation though. For the time being he would just have to win the tournament and see what he could do from there.

The next day he arose early to get to the appointed location. Apparently their first challenge was a two out of three round of chess. Robin actually had never been a big fan of chess, but he was still proficient as he was in almost anything remotely tactical in nature.

Robin was one of the first contenders to participate. His opponent was dressed quite lavishly leading the tactician to determine that he was a noble of some sort.

"May the best man win," Robin offered his hand which the other man quickly rejected.

"I intend to," he took his seat across from Robin who follow suite. For all of his self-assurance, Robin saw right through his tactics with ease. The man was far too aggressive; he was leaving himself vulnerable which Robin decided to exploit by letting him think that he was winning. That only served to encourage him to become even more reckless.

"I believe that is check," the man gloated, "Ready to give up?"

Robin did not reply right away. Instead he put the man into checkmate with a single move, "That's checkmate. Shall we begin the second round?"

"What?" the man looked at the board to find that the cloaked man was right, "Beginner's luck."

The next match the man played more defensively which Robin responded to with more aggression. A key to being a good tactician was being able to adapt to the opponent. Robin expertly maneuvered his pieces to chip away at his opponent's forces until he found himself in dire straits. It was not long before Robin once again had the man in checkmate.

"Impossible!" he yelled out as he grabbed Robin by the collar, "You must have cheated! There is no way that I could lose like that!"

"Have some dignity," Robin slowly removed the man's hands, "You lost, accept it. Part of being a good tactician is knowing when you've

lost."

"How dare you! Do you know who I am?" he puffed up quite fiercely, but Robin was unfazed and started to walk away. "Don't walk out on me!" he grabbed the tactician's shoulder and forcibly turned him around, "Look at me when I'm talking to you!"

"Look, I'm really not in the mood for this," Robin calmly told the angry noble which only served to enrage him to the point of throwing a punch. Robin evaded the attack with ease and grabbed his arm just tight enough to be uncomfortable. He responded hardly as his patience was starting to wear thin, "I suggest you pick up what's left of your dignity and leave."

The man roughly pulled his arm away and decided to let the matter go for the time being as the castle guards were finally making their way over to him. Robin could hear the crowd whispering among one another. Apparently the man he had beaten had graduated top of his class in a prestigious school and was a minor noble. The people were astounded that he had been bested so easily by the mysterious stranger.

Robin, for his part, just hoped that he did not hold a grudge, but he thought that was probably a little too hopeful of him. Still, if the rest of his competitors were so easy to outwit, then the rest of the competition should go by without a hitch. However, he knew not too get over-confident as that led to mistakes just as his opponent had made. He would have to treat each opponent as a potential threat; whether they looked like it or not.

"Well then," the official cleared his throat, "It looks like we have our winner, the mysterious Robin."

After a short fanfare, he was allowed to leave the stage and go about his business. While he was on the podium, he could have sworn he saw someone in a cloak watching him, but he could not find the person once he got down. Deciding to ignore that for the time being, he went to watch his competitors to see what he was up against.

Most of the competitors did not look like threats. One in particular seemed quite capable, but most of them seemed to be nothing spectacular. However, he heard of a match before his that ended incredibly quickly much like his had. That peaked his interest, but he could not find said competitor in the aftermath. He let it go for the time being as he would likely get a chance to meet the person later in the competition.

The tournament was personal for Robin. He hoped to use the position to get some answers, yes, but he also wanted at least some part of his life back. He did not know why this had happened to him, but he was determined to get to the bottom of it, and the first step was winning that tournament; winning part of his life back.

Unbeknownst to Robin, he had caught the eye of someone. They could not be sure just yet, but they had determined to watch the man. He was certainly a prime suspect in their search, and the individual was keen on seeing if their theory was correct. They were eager to see if they had finally found who they were looking for.

****A/N: Robin may be patient and friendly, but given the circumstances he might let a little anger show.****

3. Against the Odds

After the first day of competition the contestants were invited for a group meal in the guest dining room. Robin found himself swarmed by others who wanted to meet the man who had knocked their least favorite noble down a peg. Admittedly, Robin was somewhat enjoying himself as the group joked and laughed. It reminded him of his time with the Shepherds. All in all the people he talked to seemed relatively friendly, but he did not talk to everyone.

It seemed that the contestant that utterly destroyed their opponent had declined the invitation to dinner. That may have been a smart thing to do, tactically speaking. It allowed one to remain an unknown, however, that also meant that they missed out on learning their opponents.

Robin was not the only one attracting attention though. It seemed that another contestant was quite skilled himself and had garnered his own little band. Robin would have to keep an eye on him as he appeared to be one of the few who posed a threat. His initial performance was not too spectacular, but he was worth keeping an eye on anyways. Robin could not risk letting his guard down.

* * *

><p>The next event was much more elaborate than the last. They would be running simulations with real soldiers. They would be using dummy weapons, and cavalry, flying and otherwise, were forbidden, as well as archers; everything else was fair game. They were also not allowed to watch other contestants to keep things fair. The order was decided randomly, and Robin was slated to go last.<p>

When he finally walked into the staging area he was greeted by several hundred soldiers. He was surprised that they were using so many resources for this test. The game appeared simple however; he would lead his force of 100 against the other group of 100. However, Robin knew better; it was too simple.

He was asked for his weapon choice, and the official seemed a little surprised that he had asked for both a sword and a tome. He was given his selected weapons all the same though, and soon the mock battle began.

He arranged his troops how he normally would in such a situation which proved to be effective. He and his troops were handily routing his enemies; a little too easily for Robin's taste. Experience aside, the challenge was much too easy.

The expected twist came in the form of reinforcements backing up the other team. He was surrounded on three sides and they were closing in; if he did not act soon then he would be overrun. The tactician racked his brain for an answer to his current predicament. He could not take them directly, and he lacked any special resources or intel to defeat them using unconventional methods. He may have defeated amazing odds before, but he was not stupid. The scenario looked almost...

"That's it!" he snapped his fingers before ordering his troops to

retreat.

"Sir?" a captain questioned.

"You heard me!" he deflected several blows before countering them swiftly and finally as he gave orders like a seasoned veteran, "This is a lost cause. No point in a hopeless offensive. We would be much better to fall back and think of alternative strategies. Now, move!"

"Yes, sir!" the troops started to fall back to safety while Robin and the mages covered them. As soon as they had escaped their attackers, the official called off the challenge before approaching Robin.

"Why did you retreat?"

"It was an unwinnable scenario. There was no other alternative other than getting everyone killed for no reason."

"Very good. Few catch that in the test; they believe that in a test there must be a way to win."

* * *

><p>As the official walked Robin back to the courtyard, a familiar great knight was talking with one of the "enemy soldiers."<p>

"Was it really necessary to participate in the challenge, milord?"

The soldier removed his helmet to reveal a head of blue hair as he let out a laugh, "I want to see what these people are made of. I must say that I am impressed with some of them."

"Does that mean milord has decided on the semi-finalists?"

"I believe I have."

* * *

><p>Robin was gathered with the rest of the contestants as they murmured to one another nervously while Robin sought out a quiet corner of the courtyard. As he looked over the crowd, he noticed the man from the night before chatting happily with just about anyone who would listen; he did not appear nervous in the least.<p>

Soon he saw a familiar figure take the stand set up in the middle of the courtyard. His friend started to address the crowd.

"I would like to thank you all for your efforts, but as you know, this is a competition and only the best may proceed. With that in mind, I have decided on the four semi-finalist. These four showed an ability to recognize that not all battles are worth fighting as well as tactical prowess. Without further ado, I present to you the semi-finalist."

"First up, is Andrew," said man proceeded to join the exalt on the podium.

"Next is Zachary," the confident man from before casually took his

place on the podium as if he expected to win.

"Then we have Katarina," Robin was surprised to see the cloaked figure take the stage. He was unable to make out any facial features though due to the cowl.

"And finally, Robin," the tactician almost missed his cue as he was too busy analyzing the cloaked figure, but he was able to recover and take his place on the podium while trying not to be too obvious about studying the stranger.

"Give a hand to these four!" Chrom led off the clapping and the others followed suite, but some were certainly not entirely enthusiastic with their applause due to having lost. Once the applause had ceased, Chrom invited them all to the dining hall for a meal.

Robin followed behind "Katarina" as they made for the dining hall. The cloak she wore, and more specifically, the symbols on it, did not agree well with the tactician. He would have to watch her; he had just found a suspect as to who was responsible for this ordeal.

A/N: First of all, I don't know why the reviews are broken, but I still get the emails so don't stop sending them. One of you pointed out Robin's reaction, and I see your point. So I may compensate later.

** And if the challenge seems familiar, well, I may have gotten the basic idea from elsewhere (anyone know where?).**

** I considered actually having Robin beat the enemy forces, but I decided against it.**

UPDATE: Okay so I may not have gotten all of them since it says I have six, but I can only find five in my email. You may want to PM instead if you have an account.

4. Katarina

The honorary meal was spent getting to know the royals. Robin was careful not to be too friendly with them, but it was hard being so close yet so far from his old friends. He was not sure if he would be able to keep up his stoicism, so he kept his conversation light. Katarina talked even less than him unfortunately, so he did not get to learn much about the cloaked figure.

However, conversation was not sparse by any means. Zachary seemed particularly talkative. He was getting along with his old friends better than he was, and that rubbed him the wrong way. Robin knew he needed to pace himself, but he hated the waiting all the same.

The meal was over soon enough, and Robin decided to sneak off and do a little snooping. He made his way over to the castle archives while using his knowledge of the guard shifts to remain undetected. He hoped that, while everyone's memory had been wiped, the written records would still be intact.

Much to his dismay, however, the records of the two wars seemed to

have been missing as well. The place where they should have been was in rough shape, but looked as if it was undergoing repairs. He kept looking though in the hopes of finding something. After he had been searching for almost half an hour, a clerk finally noticed his almost frantic searching.

"May I help you, sir?" Robin was brought out of his searching by the sound of the elderly man's voice.

"Um," he managed calmed himself down, "Do you happen to know where the records for the Plegian and Valmese Wars are? I can't seem to find them anywhere."

"I'm sorry, those files were destroyed in the fire."

"Fire? When was this?"

"A little under a week ago."

"What was the cause?" that was a little too convenient for Robin's taste.

"We do not know. The official story is that a lantern ruptured, but some think it was intentional; perhaps a Grimeal plot," the old man informed him, "Is there anything else I could do?"

"No," Robin replied, "Thank you."

The clerk soon went on his way and left Robin to his own thoughts. The Grimeal. Where they behind everything? That would make sense. Who else would want to erase him? Plus there was "Katarina" and the Grimeal markings on her cloak. She must have been sent to infiltrate the Yllisean government or something. He could not be sure of their full intentions, but they were certainly on the top of his list of suspects. In any case, he was especially determined to make sure that Katarina did not win the tournament.

The next day brought another challenge. They were to simulate a battle between elite forces using a sophisticated game. Robin surmised that it was to see how they could handle the Shepherds; an idea which was further reinforced by seeing how similar the pieces were to some of the Shepherds in ability. Fortunately, he was an expert when it came to the Shepherds.

However, his opponent was none other than Katarina. Robin considered her his strongest competition as well as the most dangerous one to let have his old job. He took a deep breath and put on a polite façade. He did not need to let his suspicions show. Plus, there was the chance that she was innocent. He himself had a coat with the enemy's symbols.

Robin offered his hand which she looked at momentarily before accepting. They then took their positions on opposite sides of the table. An official soon stood up and started going over the rules. While he was droning on, Robin was analyzing his opponent, but he was coming up with precious little besides the fact that she really did not want to show her face.

The contest started off slowly. Both of them were probing the other's strengths and weaknesses. Neither side gained an advantage for a long

time until after about an hour of maneuvering, Katarina made her move.

Robin was surprised when he recognized what she was doing. The reason for his surprise was the fact that she was using a tactic that he himself had devised during the Valmese campaign. It was strange, he had never written it down, yet it was being used against him. It could have been a coincidence he supposed, but he did not find that likely.

Fortunately, Robin had devised a counter strategy for the plan as he was prone to do. He smirked internally; he did not know how she came up with that strategy, but it would be her undoing.

He bided his time for a little longer until she had passed the point of no return in the plan. Once she was committed, he began to systematically wipe out her forces. In a matter of minutes he ended the hour long power struggle as he decimated her forces. It was not long before he had completely routed his opponent leaving the crowd speechless. A quick glance at Katarina revealed her mouth opened, but nothing was coming out. That look gave him some satisfaction; she may have been responsible for his predicament after all.

The official cleared his throat, "It appears that we have a winner!" The crowd applauded, but Katarina had barely moved. Robin approached her and offered a hand; she also may not have been an evil mastermind after all, but even if she was he would like to get some information out of her before she could escape. She looked at his hand and then looked up at him.

"Father?"

"Whaâ€"Agh!" he was cut off by "Katarina" lunging forward and locking him into a vice-like hug.

"I knew I'd find you! I knew it! It has to be you, no one else would know that strategy!"

Robin pried the girl off of him and quickly looked around to see all of the odd looks they were getting.

"Not here," he whispered to the girl before addressing the official, "Um, do you mind if we settle this privately?" the official just shook his head unsure of what else to do, but Robin took it as his cue to leave; dragging "Katarina" behind him. Once they were alone he finally spoke.

"Okay, so who are you?"

"I'm your daughter, duh," she put her hood down to reveal blue hair, but Robin did not comment. She looked relatively young.

"I'm afraid I'm going to need some proof of that," he folded his arms. He was familiar with time travelers, but that was supposed to be a rare occurrence.

"Hmm, proof, proof, proof, I need proof. Oh!" she dug into the pockets of her coat which, upon observation, looked a lot like his own. She pulled out a ring and handed it to him. Sure enough she had handed him the grandmaster's ring: a symbol of the office. There was

only one like it as each grandmaster got their own, which was why it would not work as proof of the validity of his claims; he had tried with Frederick after he remembered he had it. He pulled his out and compared the two; they were nearly identical, save for hers having more wear.

"Soâ€Katarina huh?" he handed back the ring to her. He may not have been completely sold on her case, but he was willing to hear her out.

"Actually, that's my middle name," she replied enthusiastically, "I usually go by my first name, Morganâ€and I probably shouldn't have told you that."

"Well, Morgan, why did you come back here? I thought time travel was reserved for end of the world type scenarios."

"It is!"

"So how is everyone forgetting me going to end the world?"

"Iâ€I'm not entirely sure," she looked to the floor, "My memory seems to be a little spotty," she looked up, "That's a reason why I entered the tournament. I couldn't remember what you looked like, but I could remember your tactics!"

"I see," her story was shaky at best, but who was he to question a fellow amnesiac?

"I do know that something very bad will happen. I think it has to do with the tournament too."

"Hmm," Robin was not sure, but he wanted to trust the girl. The ring looked definitive, and she seemed sincere. "Well, until we find out more, keep a low profile."

"Sure thing, dad!"

"That isn't exactly a low profile."

"Oh, yeah, I guess not," she smiled and Robin smiled back. He decided not to press her about her mother. He would watch her and see, but maybe she was telling the truth. Of course, if she was, then that meant that something even worse was coming. In any case, he was mentally drained after recent events and having to hide his emotions, and he was ready to sleep for a while.

A/N: Okay, yes, it was Morgan. I also don't know for sure how to spell Grimeal.

5. Played

The next day brought the final test. Robin would be facing off with Zachary at a large scale war simulation. There were thousands of troops represented and the map was representative of a continent. The score and outcomes were determined via specific formulas and judged by five experts. The point was clearly to see if they had what it took to win a full scale war.

As they were preparing, Morgan approached Robin.

"Did you remember something?" Robin did not take his eyes off of the board.

"No, sorry, but I wanted to wish you luck!" she was certainly exuberant, Robin had to give her that. However, he did not want to risk tipping their hand by being seen together too much so he shook her hand sociably.

"Thank you for your support, 'Katarina.'"

Morgan looked a little confused for a second before realization dawned on her, "Of course, Robin. I hope you do well."

Robin gave a small nod and Morgan smiled underneath her hood. She was happy to be reunited with her father, but she was not too excited about still having to act so formal. However, she knew that it was important to keep one's enemy in the dark. So she would have to keep up the act for the time being to avoid tipping off whoever was responsible that they had an edge.

As Robin and his opponent took the stage, the tactician once again presented his hand.

"May the best man win."

Zachary took his hand with friendly smile, "Agreed."

Chrom then stood to address the crowd, "Ladies and gentlemen, these two have proven themselves extremely capable in the field of tactics and strategy, but we can only have one grandmaster. So these two shall compete in a full scale war simulation. The first to secure victory, whether by route or surrender, will be the winner and receive the full title and rank of grandmaster and all of the responsibilities that come with it. Without further ado, you may begin!"

Robin wondered if someone wrote that for him momentarily before drawing his full attention to the task at hand. From what he had observed, Zachary was good, but he was no grandmaster. Robin still refused to underestimate his ability though. It was a good thing too, because before Robin knew it, he found himself on the defensive.

Zachary turned out to be much better than he expected, and was providing a serious challenge. One look at his opponent revealed that the friendly smile had been replaced with an almost vicious smirk. He had been holding back intentionally the whole time. Robin ceded that he had played his cards well, but he was not ready to give up so easily.

Robin started to step up his game and push his opponent back. He anticipated and reacted with extreme precision, but Zachary was keeping up. Their power struggle went on for hours with neither side taking a definitive advantage. That lasted until Robin finally launched his offensive. He had been preparing for that offensive for most of the match and he was confident that he would at the very least cripple his forces.

However, when he looked at his opponent, instead of distress or worry, he saw confidence. Robin did not understand. He was on the ropes, why was he not concerned? Robin's answer came in the form of an ambush coming from his fifth battalion. That battalion had no chance of defeating his forces, but they did slow them down long enough for his first battalion to make for Robin's capitol.

The loss of the capitol would reduce his moral to the point where his offensive would fall apart. He had no choice but to either pull back entirely or split his forces. How could he not have seen that? He had thought that he would be able to cut right through them; did he miss something?

Soon enough, Robin's defeat became inevitable. He was completely and utterly routed. Robin was speechless. Zachary had put on a big smile and waved to the crowd before offering his defeated opponent a handshake. During the handshake, his expression seemed to turn darker, but Robin was still too dazed to think much of it.

Chrom stood and addressed the crowd again. He congratulated both contestants and announced Zachary as the new grandmaster of the Yllisean army. He invited everyone to the banquet hall for a special feast, and then he stepped down.

Morgan approached her father, unsure of what to do. How could her father lose? He was supposed to be the best, but he lost.

"Father," she reached out after everyone else had left.

"Huh? Oh, hey Morgan."

"Come on, let's eat," she pulled him toward the banquet hall, "Then we can think of what to do next."

"Alright," Robin replied with a monotone voice. He had lost the seemingly best chance at getting his life back. He did not know what to think, but he did not want to break down in front of Morgan.

On their way to the banquet hall, Zachary intercepted the two.

"Excuse me," the new grandmaster started, "Might I have a word with Sir Robin alone?"

Robin gave Morgan a nod to go on ahead. After waiting for a few seconds he started talking, "Won't they miss you? It is in your honor after all."

Zachary dismissed the thought, "I specifically asked to be excused so that I may have a word with you."

"I see. So what did you want to talk about?"

"You can drop the act Robin."

"Huh?"

"I know you must be devastated; losing your old job and all."

"W-what did you say?" heâ€|knew?

"You heard me," he replied with an oh-so-arrogant smirk.

"How do you remember me?" Robin demanded of the man.

"I remember, because I'm the one who made them forget."

"Y-you did this?"

"Indeed. It was such a nice plan too. Erase their memories, take your job, and slowly amass more and more power. It went off without a hitch too, at least until you showed up."

"It was you; it was all you."

"Yes, I think we have established that."

"You're the reason that my friends can't remember me!" Robin clenched his fist as he glared at the man responsible for what had happened to him.

"Yes, they really are nice people. Such a shame that so many of them will have to die."

"Shut up!"

"Oh, and what are you going toâ€" he was cut off by a solid right hook from Robin. Zachary smirked as he wiped the blood from his lip, "Bad move."

"Guards, help!" he suddenly started to act very afraid.

"What's the matter?" the asked as they came running down the hall.

"He attacked me!" He pointed toward Robin, "He must be mad with jealousy."

Robin gritted his teeth as the guards started to approach him. He let his emotions get the best of him. He should have known better!

He was brought out of his thoughts by a blast of wind knocking the guards off of their feet with Morgan following shortly behind holding her smuggled wind tome.

"Come on!"

"Right," Robin nodded. They fled the castle using the royal passageways. All the while Robin was thinking of his next move. He may have been played that time, but he had no intentions of being caught off guard again.

A/N: I went through a few ideas for the villain of this story (including an alternate evil Robin, but I'm saving that for another story [or two]), but I decided to go with an OC.

** As for the question of if Morgan came in the original timeline; I'm not really sure what you're asking, but she did not show up

during the plot of the game in this story.**

** Also, I start my job tomorrow so updates may slow; especially since I have a two part special planned for the 19****th**** and 20****th****.**

6. A New Plan

"So, now what?" Robin and Morgan had escaped from Ylisstol with relative ease thanks to Robin's immense knowledge of the castle and its security. The father-daughter duo were currently off the beaten track in some field of Yllise as they determined their next move.

"Well, I think we can narrow down the cause of all of this to a curse of some kind. Though," he looked to his daughter, "That still doesn't explain why you're here."

"Sorry, still nothing on that front," Morgan wanted to remember, but she just could not. She felt bad for not being able to since she knew that it was important that she did, but for all her efforts she came up empty.

"Don't worry," he reassured his daughter. Despite her shaky story and the little time he knew her, he had grown to accept her claims, but he was still slightly cautious. "For the time being we should focus on what we do know. We need to find a way to break this curse."

"Oh," Morgan perked up almost instantly, "Does that mean we should go see Naga?"

"I'm afraid that wouldn't workâ€¦"

"Why not?"

"Because," Robin sighed, "Apparently helping keep someone from falling apart is tiring so she went back to sleep. Without someone to wield Falchion and a complete Fire Emblem we have no way to wake her up."

"Well that stinks. So what do we do?"

"I may know someone who can help us."

* * *

><p>"Ugh, it's so hotâ€¦" Morgan was clearly struggling with the desert heat. Using some of Morgan's consolation money the two had purchased a pair of horses and made for Plegia. The person they were seeking out had almost entirely disappeared after the fight with Grima it seemed, but as the head tactician of the Shepherds, Robin was privy to certain personal information such as residence. Robin had no way of knowing if the information was even still valid, or if it ever was for that matter, but it was his only lead.<p>

"I know, but we need to press on. It shouldn't be too much further."

Sure enough, they soon arrived at their destination. There in the midst of the desert stood a lone house that looked like it had seen better days.

"That's where we're going to find help?" Morgan asked as she looked as a snake slithered underneath the foundation.

"Yep," he made for the door and looked back, "Are you coming?"

Morgan reluctantly relented as she quickly caught up with her father. After several knocks without an answer, Robin tried the door to find that it was unlocked so he let himself in. The inside was also a mess as it was filled with all sorts of jars and other containers filled with strange objects. Ingredients for hexes and curses most likely. However, it appeared as if no one was home.

"Did he move?" Morgan inquired as she looked at jar filled with something she could not identify.

"Maybe," Robin looked around at all of the supplies, "But there's still a good amount of supplies here; it doesn't make much sense to leave it all behind. Of course he never made a whole lot of sense in the first place."

"Maybe he just couldn't take it with him?" Morgan offered.

"Perhaps, let'sâ€" Robin was cut off by a new voice.

"You know, it's not very nice to walk into someone's home when they're not there," a white haired man stood in the doorway holding two sacks. He had an eerie smile stuck on his face as he walked in and put down the sacks. Morgan was uncomfortable with the man, but Robin approached the man fairly confidently.

"My apologies, I wasn't sure if you still lived here."

"Yeah, how did you find this place anyways?"

"I know you."

"Really?" the man stood thinking for a moment, "Nope, I don't remember you."

"That's kind of the problem. Someone has erased the memory of me, and I was hoping that you could help."

"Hmm, okay, why not? What do you want me to do?"

"I'm not sure we should trust him, dad," Morgan was making sure to keep her distance from the dark mage.

"I know he's a bit eccentric, but he's a Shepherd," Robin defended his old colleague.

"I'm right here!"

"Right, sorry," Robin apologized, "Back to the matter at hand; I would like you to find a way to break the curse that is keeping people from remembering me."

"Hmm, I would need someone who has been affected by the curse."

"You've been cursed yourself, Henry."

"Oh right!" he snapped his fingers, "I'll be back in a jiffy!"

The dark mage started to collect the necessary items before locking himself into a back room. The tacticians left behind could occasionally see lights coming from the room. Robin was actually kind of used to strange things like that by now so he was barely fazed, but Morgan was not, at least not that she could remember, so she stayed near the entrance.

When Henry emerged from the room he had a few scorch marks, but otherwise looked fine if not a little happy.

"I had to look really hard, but you were right. There is a curse blocking my memories."

"So can you undo it?" Morgan asked hopefully.

"Nope!" the dark mage declared gleefully, "Without the original curse, I doubt if I can remove it safely."

"So there is nothing you can do?" Robin asked disappointedly.

"Maybe, but I'll need to look into it. Curses like this are complicated; it must have taken months to put it together."

"How could someone even manage to erase the entire world's memories?" Morgan questioned the dark mage from a fair distance.

"They couldn't," he responded, smile never faltering, "At best I estimate that they might have been able to erase the continent's memories."

"Then that means," Morgan looked hopeful, "That some of the Shepherds might still remember you."

"I doubt it," Robin looked up from his thinking to elaborate, "It seems unlikely that Zachary would leave such obvious loose ends. Henry, has there been an event where the Shepherds got together recently?"

>"Huh? Yeah, we got together to celebrate the one year anniversary of Grima's defeat not too long ago."<p>

"That must be when he did it. Was there anyone who did not go?"

"Hmm, let me think," the dark mage tapped his forehead before sticking his finger up in excitement, "There was one. Future lady. I think she was Chrom's daughter. Not the fun one; the serious one. I think she was in Valm or something, but I don't know why."

"Lucina," Robin muttered. It figured that she would be the one that did not go. He was happy at the prospect of anyone remembering him, let alone her. However, he was afraid that any meeting between them

would be laced with awkwardness. Still, he could not prove anything definitively with what they had, but a Shepherd vouch for him would be immensely helpful so he would need to endure the awkwardness. He really needed to settle that anyways, and he did want to see her again.

Robin turned to Morgan, "Looks like we're headed to Valm."

****A/N:** I know Gerome is unlikely to go to a reunion on his own, but his wife/girlfriend would likely make him. As to why Lucina is in Valm, well, you can probably imagine.******

7. Threats

The pair of tacticians were on their way to the nearest Plegian port. They had left Henry to investigate the curse further while they would go to Valm and attempt to track down Lucina. Robin knew that it might be difficult if she did not want to be found, but he would have to try. He wanted to finally clear the air between them. He looked at his traveling companion. Of course things were a bit different now.

He was still unsure what to make of Morgan. So far she seemed completely sincere, and that ring would have been hard to fake. He wanted to believe her, but given the circumstances, he deemed prudence to be a good thing to use. Frederick would be proud. Then there was also the matter of the other half of her parentage. The hair color certainly looked familiar, but that was hardly enough to prove parentage.

Even more pressing, however, was why she came back. Time travel was difficult to pull off to say the least, and it was typically reserved for world ending phenomena. That meant that there was more on the line than just his personal life, but he just could not figure out what the threat was. He would just have to do his best and hope that Morgan regained her memories.

He also wondered if she had come alone. She made no mention of anyone else, but her amnesia could easily have blocked any recollection of travelling companions. It simply made sense to maximize chances of success by sending multiple people unless they could not send any more.

Morgan brought Robin out of his thoughts by tugging on his coat and pointing toward a harbor in the distance. It appeared that they had reached their destination. Now came the hard part. Robin did not want to risk being caught. Since Plegia was still under joint Yllisean-Feroxi control, it was possible that the guards had been ordered to look for them, and the fact that they were checking the ships unusually thoroughly supported his theory.

So he resorted to looking for someone willing to transport them off the books. Unfortunately, he lacked connections to know who would help him and who would turn him in, and he really did not want to take his daughter on a ship full of pirates. He wandered around the harbor, careful to avoid guards for several hours until he finally spotted a familiar face; whether or not it was the one he knew, he did not know, but she was his best bet.

"Anna!" he ran up to the redheaded merchant.

"Huh?" She rounded to face the noisy newcomer, "Ah, how can I help you sir?"

"I need some relatively trustworthy transportation to Valm. Off the books."

Anna stepped back in an attempt to look shocked, but Robin was not convinced, "Why, I assure you that all of my business ventures are one hundred percent legitimate."

"Uh huh," Robin sent her a look that told her that he knew better.

"However," she started, "I may have an idea or two."

"How much?"

"Wow, you don't pull punches do you? I'm sure we can work something out."

"Of course," Robin followed her prompting to follow her.

Zachary was growing annoyed. He was pacing back and forth in a dimly lit room with a "U" shaped counter with a veil in front of it. He was supposed to wait at the podium in the middle, but he grew tired of waiting. They had some nerve to summon him only to leave him waiting like some lowly servant.

Finally he could hear a door opening and footsteps following as the figures on the other side of the veil took their positions. The room was lit as to just leave silhouettes visible to anyone on his side of the curtain. They certainly had a flare for the dramatic.

"Zachary," the center figure addressed him in a distorted voice. They used a form of magic to mask their true voices, but Zachary had been working on undoing that and he was close, "Do you know why we have called you here?"

"You mean other than to bore me to death?" he replied smartly.

"You have endangered our plans with your recklessness," the figure chose to ignore his comment for the time being.

"What are you blathering about?"

"You revealed yourself prematurely to the tactician," a figure from the side spoke.

"That's what you're so worked up over?" Zachary scoffed, "I needed to get rid of him. If he stayed then he could have caused problems, so I played on his emotions to discredit him. Problem solved."

"It was a reckless move," another figure reprimanded, "You should have consulted with the council before taking such a risk in acting against him. Had he not reacted so strongly, then you very well could have destroyed all of our plans, and he still knows more than he should. Youâ€œ"

"Plans?" Zachary interrupted, "If it were not for me, then your plans would be for naught. You need me."

The center figure cleared his throat, "It's true that you have expedited matters, but we would move with or without your assistance. Let us not forget that without my intervention you would not be the Grandmaster of Yllise."

"I could have beaten him."

"He was set to decimate you in less than ten turns," a figure to his right spoke, "You're lucky that the game was complicated enough that no one caught the intervention."

"Enough of that," the center figure attempted to defuse the situation as Zachary was getting noticeably more angry, "Zachary, I want no more of this insubordination. Is that clear?" Zachary begrudgingly nodded his affirmative. "Then you are dismissed."

Once he had left the room, the center figure spoke once again, "How are our loose ends coming?"

"The girl is proving more troublesome than I had anticipated, but my people will continue looking for her. They will find her."

"Try and keep her from the Shepherds; we cannot afford to let her speak to her father especially. It could cause significant problems with our plans. In the meantime, we should make every effort to locate Robin; he poses a significant threat to our plans as well. I will leave you to your jobs. Meeting adjourned."

End
file.